

and sewed into little rolls, as if you should take a curled shaving or bits of paper and fasten the edges together into a tube. Then these tubes are sewed together, and there you have a rug that cold and dampness will not go through. Of course you boys and girls know that air in a box is one of the best substances known to keep out either heat or cold. Hollow bricks are used a great deal for this reason as fireproof partitions, and if plumbing is enclosed in two wooden boxes, with an air space between them, it will not freeze.

"Well, as I said, these Indian blankets are the warmest I ever saw, and I admire them very much. Finally, one evening I asked one of the Indians how many rabbits it took to make a blanket, for I could see that it took a great many. Then the oldest Sioux in the party told me this story:

"The first man who ever made one of these blankets went out into the great woods in the dead of winter. It was very cold, and the snow covered all the ground as deep as a man could reach, standing on the ground with his hand stretched into the air. This man cut down all the trees in the great wood, as far as he could see. He cut them down and dragged them together, root and trunk and branch, and piled them up. He brought more trees and piled them on top of the first, and he made a great pile. It was so high that the top almost reached the sky, and all the country around the pile was bare, because the man had cut down all the trees. Then the man set fire to the great pile of wood, and burned it all up—roots and trunks and branches. The fire was very great and very hot, and it melted all the snow, and water ran, and the rabbits in that country thought that spring had come, and they traveled toward the great heat. And when the fire had burned out, the great cold came back. It froze all the water that the fire had made from the snow,

and the whole country was covered with ice, and the rabbits were caught in the ice, because it froze faster than they could run. Now that man who cut down the wood and burned all the roots had just enough rabbits to make a blanket."

"While the old Indian was telling this story all the others kept perfectly quiet, and did not even smile, but as soon as he had finished they all laughed as if it were the greatest joke in the world. After that I asked several times about the rabbit-skin blankets, and every time the old Indians would tell the story over again, without varying over a word, and at the end all the Indians would laugh as if they had never heard it before in their lives.

"It is often said that the Indian has no sense of humor, but these Sioux certainly had, and they were, on the whole, good traveling companions."

"But, Professor," inquired Josephine Montmorency Brown, "was the Indian story true?"

Tom nearly fell backwards over the railing. Fortunately for the Professor, the gong sounded for luncheon.

Harper's Young People.

It is well to Remember

That thoughts die, but words live forever.

That doing nothing is always an expensive business.

That a half-formed character is not an easy thing to comprehend.

That a receptacle always prepared for the worst, is the editor's waste-basket.

The "didn't mean to" may sometimes soothe the pain, but seldom heals the wound.

That if we are to reap what we have sown, a large crop of cheek will be ready to be harvested in due time.

That a great many people would know more if they thought they knew less.